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THE

JEW:

OR,

BENEVOLENT HEBREW.

A

COMEDY.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE

AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

IN

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

WRITTEN BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Author of the Baniſhment of Cicero; Summer's Tale; Weſt Indian; Faſhionable Lover; Choleric Man; Carmelite; Natural Son; the Walloons; the Impoſtors; the Brothers; Battle of Haſtings; Box Lobby Challenge, &c. &c. &c.

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1794.

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JUL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	Dublin.	London.
Sir Stephen Bertram,	Mr. Duncan,	Mr. Aickin.
Frederick *(his ſon)*,	Mr. Hargrave.	Mr. Palmer.
Charles Ratcliffe,	Mr. Cunningham.	Mr. Wroughton.
Saunders *(firſt clerk to Sir Stephen)*,	Mr. Davenport.	Mr. Maddocks.
Sheva *(a Jew)*,	Mr. Cherry.	Mr. Banniſter, Jun.
Kabal *(his man)*,	Mr. Wathen.	Mr. Suett.
Waiter,	Mr. Barret.	Mr. Banks.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Ratcliffe,	Mrs. Davenport,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Eliza Ratcliffe,	Miſs Farren.	Miſs Farren.
Mrs. Goodiſon,	Mrs. Cherry.	Mrs. Booth.
Morcas *(the Jew's ſervant)*,	Mrs. Hitchcock.	Miſs Tidſwell.

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THE JEW;

OR,

BENEVOLENT HEBREW.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in a Merchants Houſe. Enter Sir STEPHEN BERTRAM *and* FREDERICK.

Sir STEPHEN.

WHY do you preſs me for reaſons I am not bound to give? If I chuſe to diſmiſs an aſſiſtant clerk from my counting houſe, how does it affect you?

Fred. That clerk you took at my recommendation and requeſt. I am therefore intereſted to hope you have no reaſons for diſmiſſing him that affect his character.

Sir S. I am your father, Sir, and in this houſe ſole maſter; I have no partners to account to, nor will I brook any comments on my conduct, from my ſon.

Fred. Yet, as your ſon, may I not, without riſquing your diſpleaſure, offer one humble word upon the part of a defenceleſs abſent friend.

Sir S. A friend.

Fred. Yes, Sir, I hope I need not bluſh to call Charles Ratcliffe friend; his virtues, his misfortunes, his integrity, (you'll undeceive me if I err) have much endear'd him to me.

Sir S. Say rather his connexions: come, I ſee where all this friendſhip points, to folly, to diſgrace, therefore no more of it, break off! new friendſhips will not coſt you dear, 'tis better you ſhou'd ceaſe to call him friend, than put it in his power to call you brother; in one word, Frederick, I never will accept of Ratcliffe's ſiſter as my daughter-in-law—nor if I can prevent it, ſhall you ſo far forget yourſelf, as to make her your miſtreſs.

Fred. Miſtreſs! Good Heaven!—you never ſaw Miſs Ratcliffe.

Sir S. I wiſh you never had—But you have ſeen the laſt of her, or me. I leave you to your choice!

Exit.

Fred. I have no choice to make! She is my wife, and if to take beauty, virtue and elegance without fortune, when my father wou'd have me take fortune without them, is a crime that merits diſinheritance, I muſt meet my puniſhment as I can. The only thing I dread is the ſevere but honorable reproof of my friend Ratcliffe, to whom this marriage is a ſecret, and whoſe diſintereſted reſentment I know not how to face; I muſt diſſemble with him ſtill, for I am unprepared with my defence, and he is here.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Well met, Frederick.

Fred. I wiſh I cou'd ſay ſo.

Cha. Why? What's the matter now?

Fred. I have no good news to tell you.

Cha.

Cha. I don't expect it, you are not made to be the bearer of good news, knavery engroſſes all fortunes favours, and fools run up and down with the tidings of it.

Fred. You are ſtill a philoſopher.

Cha. I cannot tell that, till I am tried with proſperity again; it is that which ſets our failings in full view, adverſity conceals them. But come, tell me in what part of my compoſition the ingenious cruelty of fortune can place another blow.

Fred. By my ſoul, Charles, I am aſham'd to tell you, becauſe the blow is given by a hand I wiſh to reverence;—you know the temper of Sir Stephen Bertram. He is my father, therefore I will not enlarge upon a ſubject that wou'd be painful to us both. It is with infinite regret I have ſeen you, (nobly deſcended and ſtill more nobly endow'd) earning a ſcanty maintenance at your deſk in his counting houſe. It is a ſlavery you are now releaſed from.

Cha. I underſtand you. Sir Stephen has no further commands for me. I will go and deliver up my truſt (*going*).

Fred. Have patience for a moment. Do you gueſs his reaſon for this haſty meaſure?

Cha. What care I for his reaſons, when I know they cannot touch my honour?

Fred. Oh, Charles, my heart is penetrated with your ſituation; what will become of thoſe beloved objects?

Cha. Why, what becomes of all the objects miſery lays low? They ſhrink from ſight, and are forgotten; you know I will not hear you on this ſubject. 'Twas not with my conſent you ever knew there were ſuch objects in exiſtence.

Fred. I own it, but in this extremity, methinks you might relax a little from that rigid honour.

Cha. Never, but as the body of a man is braced by Winter, ſo is my reſolution by adverſity. On this point only can we differ, why will my friend perſiſt in urging it?

Fred.

Fred. I have done; you have your way.

Cha. Then, with your leave, I'll go to your father.

Fred. Hold, here comes one that ſuperſedes all other viſitors. Old Sheva, the rich Jew, the meereſt muckworm in the city of London.

Enter SHEVA, *and croſſes behind.*

—How the old fellow caſts about for prodigals to ſnap at! I'll throw him out a bait for ſport.

Cha. No, let him paſs; what ſport can his infirmities afford?

Sheva. The goot day to you, my young maſter! How is it with your health? I pray is your fader, Sir Stephen Bertram, and my very goot patron, to be ſpoke with?

Fred. Yes, yes, he is at home, and to be ſpoken to *(with ſome precaution)* Sheva, but if you bring him money, you will be welcome.

Sheva. Ah that is very goot, monies is welcome every where.

Fred. Paſs on, paſs on! no more apologies good man of money. Save your breath to count your guineas (*Exit* Sheva) that fellow wou'dnt let his ſhadow fall upon the earth if he cou'd help it.

Cha. You are too hard upon him, the thing is courteous.

Fred. Hang him, his carcaſe and its covering wou'dnt coin into a ducat. Yet he is a moving mine of wealth.

Cha. You ſee theſe characters with indignation: I contemplete them with pity, I have a fellow feeling for poor Sheva; he is as much in poverty as I am, only it's poverty of another ſpecies. He wants what he has, I have nothing, and want every thing. Miſers are not unuſeful members of the community; they act like banks to rivers, hold up the ſtream that elſe would run to waſte, and make deep waters where there would be ſhallows.

Fred.

Fred. I recollect you was his reſcuer. I did not know you were his advocate.

Cha. Tis true I ſnatched him out of jeopardy, my countrymen, with all their natural humanity, have no objection to the huſtling of a Jew, the poor old creature was moſt roughly handled.

Fred. What was the cauſe?

Cha. I never aſked the cauſe—There were a hundred upon one, that was cauſe enough for me to make myſelf a ſecond to the party over matched; I got a few hard knocks, but I brought off my man.

Fred. The ſynagogue ſhould cannonize you for the deed.

Re-enter SHEVA. CHARLES *retires up the ſtage.*

Sheva. Aha! there is no buſineſs to be done, there is no talking to your fader, he is not juſt now in the ſweeteſt of all poſſible tempers. Any thing Mr. Bertram wanted in my way?

Fred. Yes—Sheva—there is enough wanted in your way, but I doubt it is not in your will to do it.

Sheva. I never ſpare my pains when buſineſs is going: be it ever ſuch a trifle I am thankful, every little helps a poor man like me.

Fred. You ſpeak of your ſpirit, I ſuppoſe, when you call yourſelf a poor man, all the world knows you roll in riches.

Sheva. The world knows no great deal of me. I live ſparingly and labour hard—therefore I am called a miſer—I cannot help it—an uncharitable dog—I muſt endure it—a blood ſucker—an extortioner—a ſhylock—hard names, Mr. Frederick—but what can a poor Jew ſay in return, if a Chriſtian chuſes to abuſe him?

Fred. Say nothing, but ſpend your money like a Chriſtian.

Sheva. We have no abiding place on earth, no country, no home, every body rails at us, every

every body flouts us, every body points us out for their May game, and their mockery; hard dealings for a poor ſtray Sheep of the ſcattered flock of Abraham. How can you expect us to ſhew kindneſs where we receive none.

CHARLES, *advancing.*

That is true, friend Sheva, I can witneſs, I am ſorry to ſay, there is too much juſtice in your complaint.

Sheva. Bleſs this goot light, I did not ſee you. 'Tis my very goot friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, as I live. Give me your pardon, I pray you, Sir, give me your pardon, I ſhould be ſorry to ſay in your hearing that there is no charity for the poor Jews, Truly, Sir, I am under very great obligations to you, for your generous protection t'other night, when I was mob'd and mal-treated, and, for aught I can tell, ſhould have been maſſacred, had not you ſtood forward in my defence: Truly, Sir, I bear it very thankfully in my remembrance; truly, I do, yes, truly.

Fred. Leave me with him, Charles. I'll hold him in diſcourſe, whilſt you go to my father.

Exit. CHARLES.

Sheva. Oh! It was very goot deed, very goot deed, to ſave a poor Jew from a pityleſs mob, and I am very, very grateful to you worthy Mr.—ah! The gentlemen is gone away. That is another thing.

Fred. It is ſo. But your gratitude need not go away at the ſame time; you are not bound to make good the proverb, "*Out of ſight out of mind.*"

Sheva. No, no, no, I am very much obliged to him, not only for my life, but for the monies and the valuables I had about me: I had been huſtled out of them all but for him.

Fred. Well, then, having ſo much gratitude for his favours, you have now an opportunity of making ſome return to him.

Sheva. Yes, yes, and I do make him a return of my thanks, and my goot wiſhes, very heartily, what

what can a poor Jew ſay more? I do wiſh him all goot things, and give him all goot words.

Fred. Goot words, indeed! what are they to a man who is caſt naked upon the wide world with a widow'd mother, and a defenceleſs ſiſter, who look up to him for their ſupport.

Sheva. Goot lack! Goot lack! I thought he was in occupations in your fader's counting-houſe.

Fred. He was, and from his ſcanty pittance piouſly ſupported thoſe poor deſtitutes. That ſource is now ſtopp'd, and as you, when in the midſt of rioters, was in want of a protector, ſo is he, in the midſt of his misfortunes, in want of ſome kind friend to reſcue him.

Sheva. Oh dear! Oh dear! This world is full of ſadneſs and ſorrow, miſeries upon miſeries, unfortunates by hundreds and by thouſands, and poor Sheva has but too weak eyes to find tears for them all.

Fred. Come, come, Sheva, pity will not feed the hungry, nor cloath the naked, Ratcliffe is the friend of my heart, I am helpleſs in myſelf, my father, tho' juſt, is auſtere in the extreme. I dare not reſort to him for money, nor can I turn my thoughts to any other quarter for the loan of a ſmall ſum, in this extremity, except you, ſo let me have your anſwer.

Sheva. Yes, yes, but my anſwer will not pleaſe you without the monies. I ſhall be a Jewiſh dog, a baboon, an Imp of Belzebub, if I dont find the monies, and when my monies is all gone, what ſhall I be then? An aſs, a fool, a jack-a-dandy; Oh dear! Oh dear! Well, there muſt be conditions, look you.

Fred. To be ſure; ſecurity twice ſecured; premium and intereſt and bond and judgment, into the bargain, only enable me to preſerve my friend, give me that tranſport, and I care not what I pay for it.

Sheva.

Sheva. Mercy on my heart what haſte and hurry you are in. How much do you want? a hundred pounds did you ſay?

Fred. More than one, more than one.

Sheva. Ah, poor Sheva! More than one hundreds pounds! What, ſo much as two hundreds? Tis a great deal of monies.

Fred. Come, friend Sheva, at one word three hundred pounds.

Sheva. Mercies defend me! what a ſum!

Fred. Accommodate me with three hundred pounds, make your own terms, conſult your conſcience in the bargain, and I will ſay you are a good fellow. Oh! Sheva, did you but know the luxury of relieving honor, innocence and beauty from diſtreſs.—

Sheva. Oh! Tis a great luxury I dare ſay, elſe you would not buy it at ſo high a price. Well, well, well, I have thought a little, and if you will come to my poor cabin in Duke's-place, you ſhall have the monies.

Fred. Well ſaid, my gallant Sheva; ſhall I bring a bond with me to fill up?

Sheva. No, no, no, we have all thoſe matters in my ſhop.

Fred. I do'nt doubt it—all the apparatus of an uſurer; farewell, Sheva! Be ready with your inſtruments. I care not what they are, only let me have the money, and you may proceed to diſſection as ſoon after as you pleaſe.

Exit.

Sheva. Heigho! I cannot chuſe but weep—Sheva, thou art a fool, three hundreds pounds by the day, how much is that in the year? Oh dear! I ſhall be ruin'd, ſtarv'd, waſted to a ſhread; bowels you ſhall pinch for this, I'll not eat fleſh this fortnight.—I'll feed upon the ſteam of an alderman's kitchen, as I put my noſe down his area.—Well, well—but ſoft a word, friend Sheva—art thou not rich, monſtrous rich, abominably rich, and yet thou liv'ſt on a cruſt—be it ſo! thou doſt ſtint

ſtint thy appetite to pamper thine affections, thou doſt make thyſelf to live in poverty, that the poor may live in plenty.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Unfeeling, heartleſs man, I've done with you, I'll dig, beg, periſh, rather than ſubmit to ſuch unnatural terms, I may remain—my mother and my ſiſter muſt be baniſh'd to a diſtance; why this Jew, this uſurer, this enemy to our faith, whoſe heart is in his bags, wou'd not have uſed me thus—I'll queſtion him—*Sheva*—

Sheva. What is your pleaſure?

Cha. I don't know the word.

Sheva. What is your will then?—ſpeak it.

Cha. Sheva! you have been a ſon, you had a mother, do'ſt remember her.

Sheva. Goot lack! goot lack! do I remember her?

Cha. Did'ſt love her, cheriſh her, ſupport her!

Sheva. Ah me, ah me, it is as much as my poor heart will bear to think of her—I wou'd have died—

Char. Thou haſt affections, feelings, charities—

Sheva. I am a man, Sir, call me how you pleaſe.

Cha. I'll call you Chriſtian then, and this proud merchant, Jew.

Sheva. I ſhall not thank you for that compliment.

Cha. And had'ſt thou not a ſiſter too?

Sheva. No, no ſiſter, no brother, no ſon, no daughter, I am a ſolitary being, a whaif on the world's wide common.

Cha. And thou haſt hoarded wealth, till thou art ſick with gold, even to plethory; thy bags run over with the ſpoils of uſury, thy veins are glutted with the blood of prodigals and gameſters.

Sheva. I have enough, ſomething perhaps to ſpare.

Cha. And I have nothing—nothing to ſpare but miſeries, with which my meaſure overflows—by

heav'n it racks my ſoul to think that thoſe belov'd ſufferers ſhou'd want, and this thing ſo abound *(aſide)*—Now, Sheva, now if you and I were out of ſight of man, benighted in ſome deſert, wild as my thoughts, naked as my fortune, ſhou'd you not tremble?

Sheva. What ſhould I tremble for? you cou'd not harm a poor defenceleſs aged man.

Char. Indeed, indeed, I cou'd not harm you, Sheva, whilſt I retained my ſenſes.

Sheva. Sorrow diſturbs them, yes, yes, it is ſorrow, ah me, ah me, poor Sheva in his time has been driven mad with ſorrow, 'tis a hard world.

Cha. Sir, I have done you wrong, you pity me, I am ſure you do, thoſe tones cou'd never proceed but from a feeling heart.

Sheva. Try me, touch me, I am not made of marble—I could ſay ſomething, it is in my thoughts, but no: I will not ſay it here. This is the houſe of trade, come home with me, ſo pleaſe you, 'tis but a little walk—and you ſhall ſee what I have ſhewn to no man, Sheva's real heart—I do not carry it in my hand.—Come, come, I pray you come along. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment at Mrs. RATCLIFFE'S.

Enter ELIZA.

OH! happy me, poſſeſs'd of all my heart delights in; and miſerable me, for having ruined what I love—Alas! poor Bertram, fond to deſperation, generous to thy deſtruction—why then did I marry, wherefore did I ſuffer him to be the victim of a fatal paſſion? What power perverted underſtanding—heart, humanity? What power, but that which can do all things good or ill, make virtue, and unmake it, animate our courage and extinguiſh it? Love is at once my crime and my excuſe—Good Heaven! my mother!

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE, ELIZA *takes her hand and kiſſes it.*

Mrs. R. Child, what means this more than uſual agitation?

Eliza. Is it then more than uſual?

Mrs. R. You weep.

Eliza. Do I? 'Tis natural when I contemplate a face ſo dear and ſo decayed, furrowed with cares and ſorrows for my ſake—Ah! my dear mother, you have loved me much too well.

Mrs. R. My darling can that be? Seeing I love your brother alſo; you ſhare my heart between you.

Eliza. Give all to him, he has deſerved it better.

Mrs. R. Heaven bleſs him to the extent of his deſervings; in him reſts all our hope; to him we

cling, as to the laſt dear relick of our wrecked nobility. But he's a man, Eliza, and endowed with ſtrength and fortitude to ſtruggle in the ſtorm; we are weak, helpleſs women, and can do no more than ſuffer and ſubmit.

Eliza. True—but there is a part allotted to the weakeſt of us, even to me, an humble one indeed, and eaſily performed, ſince nothing is required but to obey, to love you, and to honour you.

Mrs. R. And you have done it faithfully, my child.

Eliza. You think ſo, my dear mother, but your praiſe is my reproach. Oh! had I now a crime upon my conſcience, and ſhould I kneel thus, and beg for pardon at your feet, what would you ſay?

Mrs. R. Aſtoniſhment might keep me ſilent for a while, but my firſt words would be to pity and forgive you.

Eliza. That I can err this guilty hand can witneſs—well may you ſtart—that hand is Bertram's, and that ring, pledged at the altar, was put on by him this very morning. I am Bertram's wife.

Mrs. R. Riſe, quit this ſupplicating poſture, 'till you find yourſelf in the preſence of ſome perſon leſs diſpoſed to pardon you than I am.

Eliza. How mild is that rebuke! how merciful! your eye, like nature's, penetrates my heart, you ſee it weak as woman's reſolution is, impaſſioned, not impure; conquered, but not corrupted.

Mrs. R. I ſee myſelf reflected in my child, juſtice demands a cenſure, conſcious recollection checks me from pronouncing it—but you have a brother, whoſe high ſoaring ſpirit will not brook clandeſtine marriages: your huſband has a father of another ſpirit, I fear; alas! my child, betwixt the lofty and the low, you muſt ſteer well to keep a ſteady courſe.

Eliza. I ſee my danger, and though Bertram's ardour painted it in fainter colours than its true complexion may demand, yet I ſhould hope the nature

nature of a father cannot be ſo ſtern as never to forgive a choice that diſappoints, but, let me hope, does not diſgrace him.

Mrs. R. The name of Ratcliffe cannot: a daughter of your houſe, in better days, would hardly have advanced his knighthood higher than her foot-cloth.

Eliza. Aye, madam, but the pride of birth does but add ſtings to poverty: we muſt forget thoſe days.

Mrs. R. Your father never did.

Eliza. Aye! my father!

Mrs. R. Your brother never will.

Eliza. Yet he is humble for our ſakes—think what he does—good Heav'ns! my huſband's father's clerk. Dear madam, tell me, why he did not rather go where his courage called him, where his perſon would have graced the colours that he carried.

Mrs. R. Child! child! what colours? ſurely you forget, the interdiction of a father barred him from that ſervice.

Eliza. Alas! alas!

Mrs. R. The bread would choak him that he earned under a father's curſe.

Eliza. We have bled for our opinions, and we have ſtarved for them; the axe, and ſword, and poverty, have made ſad havock in our family; 'tis time we were at peace. The world is now before me, on this hour depends the fate of all perhaps that are to come; Frederick is with his father, he is determined to avow his marriage and to meet the conſequences; I never ſaw Sir Stephen, and have only conjecture to direct me: I tremble for the event.

Mrs. R. 'Tis a diſtreſsful interim, and it is now the hour when I expect your brother.

Eliza. Oh! that is worſe than all. For pity's ſake hide me from him till Frederick returns—let me retire.

Mrs. R. Come then, my child! I know not what it is, but ſomething whiſpers me that all will yet be well.

Eliza. Ten thouſand bleſſings on you for that charming hope; how my heart bounds to embrace it; 'tis an auſpicious omen, and I hail it like the voice of inſpiration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in SHEVA'S *houſe.*

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. Why, Jabal, I ſay Jabal! where are you, ſluggard?

Enter JABAL.

Jab. Here I am, mother Dorcas. Oh! what a ſtarving ſtar was I born under, to be the rich Jew's poor ſervant: no reſt, no peace, whilſt you are awake; lud-a-mercy—if you did but know how your pipe echoes through this empty houſe.

Dorcas. Child, child, you muſt not think to be idle here.

Jab. Why what would you have me do? bruſh the bare walls for a breakfaſt; a ſpider could not make a meal upon them.

Dorcas. I warrant thou haſt filled thy belly, cormorant.

Jab. I have not had a bellyful ſince I belonged to you, you take care there ſhall be no fire in the kitchen, maſter provides no prog upon the ſhelf; ſo, between you both, I have plenty of nothing—but cold and hunger.

Dorcas. Hunger, indeed! how ſhould thy ſtomach ever be filled, when there is no bottom to it? 'Tis like the dead ſea, fathomleſs.

Jab.

Jab. 'Tis like the dead ſea ſo far, that neither fiſh nor fleſh are to be found within it.

Dor. Sirrah, you have a better maſter than you think, for it's unknown the charities he gives away.

Jab. You are right, it is unknown; at leaſt I never found the ſecret out. If it's charity to keep an empty cupboard, he has that to boaſt of, the very rats would run away from ſuch a caterer. If it is charity to cloath the naked, here is a ſample of it; examine this old drab, you may count the threads without ſpectacles, a ſpider's web is a warm blanket to it. If it is charity to feed the hungry, I have an empty ſtomach at his ſervice, to which his charity at this preſent moment would be very ſeaſonable.

Dor. You muſt mortify your carnal appetites; how often ſhall I teach you that leſſon?

Jab. Every time I ſet my eyes upon you.

Dor. Hav'nt you the credit of belonging to one of the richeſt men in the city of London?

Jab. I wiſh I was turnſpit to the pooreſt cook-ſhop, inſtead—oh! if my maſter had but fixed his abode at Pye-corner, or Pudding-lane, or Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, or any of thoſe ſavoury places!—what am I the fatter for the empty dignity of Duke's-place? I had rather be a miſer's heir, than a miſer's ſervant.

Dor. And who knows what may happen? Maſter has not a relation I ever heard of in the univerſal world.

Jab. No, he has ſtarved 'em all out, a camelion could not live with him, he would grudge him even the air he feeds on.

Dor. For ſhame, ſlanderer! his good deeds will ſhine out in time.

Jab. I ſhan't ſtand in their light, they may ſhine through me, for I am grown tranſparent in his ſervice; had not he like to have been torn to pieces t'other day by the mob, for turning a cat out of his area?

Dar.

Dor. And whoſe fault was it but thine, ungracious boy, for putting it there, I am ſure I have cauſe to bleſs the gentleman that ſaved him—But, huſh! here comes my good maſter, and as I live the very gentleman with him! Ah—then I gueſs what is going forward.

[JAB. *reaches two chairs.*

Enter SHEVA *and* CHARLES.

Sheva. So, ſo, ſo! what's here to do with you? why are you not both at your work! Dorcas, a cup of cold water, I am very thirſty.

Exit DORCAS.

Jab. Are you not rather hungry too, Sir.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, puppy! get about your buſineſs, and here, take my hat, clean it carefully, but mind you do not bruſh it, that will wear off the nap.

Jab. The nap, indeed, there is not ſhelter for a flea. *(Exit.)*

Sheva. Aha! I am tired, I beg your pardon, Mr. Ratcliffe, I am old man, ſit you down I pray you, ſit you down, and we will talk a little.

Enter DORCAS *with a glaſs of water,* JABAL *who croſſes behind and goes off.*

So, ſo, that is right, water is goot, fie upon you, Dorcas why do you not offer the glaſs to my gueſt before me.

Dor. Lord love him, I'd give him wine if I had it.

Sheva. No, no, it is goot water, it is better than wine, wine is heating, water is cooling, wine coſts monies, water comes for nothing; your goot health, Sir,—Oh! 'tis delicious, it is ſatisfying—go your ways Dorcas, go your ways [*Exit* Dorcas] Sir, I have nothing to aſk you to, but that water which you wou'd not drink, 'twas very goot water notwithſtauding. Ah! Mr.

Mr. Ratcliffe I muſt be ſaving now, I muſt pinch cloſe.

Cha. For what? are you not rich enough, to allow yourſelf the common neceſſaries of life?

Sheva. Oh! yes, Oh! yes, I am very rich to be ſure, mercy on me, what a world of monies ſhou'd I now have, if I had no pity in my heart.

Cha. But if you are ſo charitable to others, why can't you ſpare a little to yourſelf?

Sheva. Becauſe I am angry with myſelf for being ſuch a baby, a child, a chicken, your people do not love me, what buſineſs have I to love your people? I am a Jew, my fathers up to Abraham, all were Jews, mercileſs mankind how have you perſecuted them! My family is all gone, it is extinct, my very name will vaniſh out of memory when I am dead—I pray you pardon me, I am very old, and apt to weep, I pray you pardon me.

Cha. I am more diſpoſed to ſubſcribe to your tears, than to find fault with them.

Sheva. Well, well, well, 'tis natural for me to weep when I reflect upon their ſufferings and my own—Sir, you ſhall know—but I won't tell you my ſad ſtory, you are young and tender-hearted, it's all written down—you ſhall find it with my papers at my death.

Cha. Sir, at your death?

Sheva. Yes—Sure I muſt die ſome time or other, Tho' you have ſaved my life once, you cannot ſave it always, I did tell you, Mr. Ratcliffe, I would ſhew you my heart, Sir, it is a heart to do you all poſſible goot whilſt I live, and to pay you the debt of gratitude, when I die.

Enter JABAL.

Jab. A gentleman, who ſays his name is Bertram, waits to ſpeak with you, I fancy he comes to borrow money, for he looks wonderous melancholy.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, knave, what is it to you what he comes for.

Jab.

Jab. I'm ſure he does not come for a dinner, for he has not brought it with him.

Sheva. I pray you, Mr. Ratcliffe, paſs out that way, I would not have you both meet (*Exit* Ratcliffe), admit Mr. Bertram.

[*Exit* JUBAL.

Re-enter JUBAL *introducing* FREDERICK, *then croſs behind, and exit.*

Sheva. You are welcome, Mr. Bertram, our buſineſs may quickly be diſpatched, you want three hundred pounds, I have made ſhift to ſcrape that ſum together, and ti's ready for you.

Fred. Alas! Sheva, ſince laſt I ſaw you, I am ſo totallly undone, that it wou'd be robbery to take your money, my father has expell'd me from his houſe.

Sheva. Why? For what cauſe?

Fred. I have married.

Sheva. Well, that is natural enough.

Fred. Married without his knowledge.

Sheva. So did he without your's, what beſides?

Fred. Married a wife without a farthing.

Sheva. Ah! that is very ſilly, I muſt ſay.

Fred. You cou'd not ſay ſo, did you know the lady.

Sheva. That may be, but I do not know the lady: you have not named her to me.

Fred. The ſiſter of Charles Ratcliffe.

Sheva. Ah! To Miſs Ratcliffe, is it ſo? And ſhe is goot and lovely, but ſhe has no monies, and that has made your fader very angry with you!

Fred. Furious—irreconcileable.

Sheva. Why, truly monies is a goot thing, and your fader is not the only man in England that does think ſo, I confeſs I am very much of his mind, in reſpect of monies.

Fred. Are you? Then keep your money, and good morning to you.

Sheva.

Sheva. Hold, hold, be not ſo haſty. If I do love my monies, it may be becauſe I have it in my power to tender them to you.

Fred. But I have ſaid I never can repay you, whilſt you are in this world.

Sheva. Perhaps I ſhall be content to be repaid when I am out of it—I believe I have a pretty many *poſt-obits* of that ſort upon the file.

Fred. I do not rightly underſtand you.

Sheva. Then pray you have a little patience, till I am better underſtood—Sir Stephen had a match for you in view.

Fred. He had.

Sheva. What was the lady's fortune?

Fred. Ten thouſand pounds.

Sheva. That is a goot round ſum; but you did not love her, and you do love your wife.

Fred. As dearly as you love your money.

Sheva, A little better we will hope, for I do lend my monies to my friend for inſtance. Take theſe bills, three hundred pounds, what ails you? They are goot bills, they are bank, Oh! That I had a ſack full of them. They will hire you very pretty lodging, and you will be very happy with your pretty wife, I pray you take them, why will you be ſo hard with a poor Jew, as to refuſe him a goot bargain, when you know he loves to lay his money out to profit and advantage.

Fred. Are you in earneſt? You aſtoniſh me!

Sheva. I am a little aſtoniſhed too, for I did never ſee a man ſo backward to take monies, you are not like your fader, I am afraid you are a little proud.

Fred. You ſhall not ſay ſo, I accept your generous tender.

Sheva. I wiſh it was ten thouſand pounds, then your goot fader wou'd be well content.

Fred. Yes, of two equal fortunes, I believe he wou'd be good enough to let me take my choice.

Sheva.

Sheva. Ah! that is very kind, he would give you the preference when he had none himſelf.

Fred. Juſt ſo, but what acknowledgment ſhall I give you for theſe bills?

Sheva. None, none, I do acknowledge them myſelf with very great pleaſure in ſerving you, and no ſmall pains in parting from them—I pray you make yourſelf and pretty wife comfortable with the monies—and I will comfort myſelf as well as I can, without them—I muſt go in about ſome buſineſs—I pray you pardon my unpoliteneſs.

Fred. No apology, I am gone.—Farewell, Sheva, thou a miſer—Thou art a prince.—

[*Exit.*

Sheva. Jabal open the door.—

Enter JABAL.

Jab. Tis done, Sir.

Sheva. How, now, ſirrah, you was liſt'ning at the key-hole.

Jab. Not I, Sir, I was only oiling the lock, you love to have your bolts ſlip eaſily.

Sheva. You are a jackanapes, I ſhall ſlip you out of my doors by and by. [*Exit.*

Jab. You may ſlip me thro' the crack of it if I ſtay much longer with you [Dorcas *enters and croſſes behind*] but to be ſure I did liſten, that is the truth of it, hip, holla, mother Dorcas. [Dorcas *comes formard*] Oh! I am glad you are in the way, I'll tell you a ſecret.

Dor. Let me hear it, Jabal I love a ſecret.

Jab. I have made a diſcovery.

Dor. I have no objection to a diſcovery, out with it.

Jab. Mother, Dorcas, I have diſcovered that our old maſter is no more a miſer than I am.

Dor. I told you ſo.

Jab.

Jab. So you did, but that's not all, I have found out beſides, that he is no Hebrew; no more a Jew than Julius Cæſar; for, to my certain knowledge, he gives away his money by handfulls to the conſumers of hogs fleſh.

Dor. He is merciful to all mankind.

Jab. Yes, and to all Sheep and Oxen, Lambs and Calves, for he will not ſuffer us to touch a morſel of their fleſh; now, becauſe he lives without food, that's no reaſon I ſhou'd ſtarve for want of eating. Oh! mother Dorcas, 'tis untold what terrible and abominable temptations I ſtruggle with.

Dor. How are you tempted, child? Tell me what it is that moves you?

Jab. Why, it is the Devil himſelf, in the ſhape of a Bologna ſauſage; gracious, how my mouth did water as I ſaw a ſtring of them dangling from the penthouſe of an oilman's ſhop; the fellow wou'd have perſuaded me they were not made of Hog's fleſh. Oh! If I could have believed him—

Dor. Oh, horrible! You muſt not touch the unclean beaſt.

Jab. No, to be ſure, your people have never taſted bacon ſince they came out of the land of Ham.

Dor. Jabal, Jabal! What an eſcape you have had!

Jab. So had the Sauſages, for my teeth quiver'd to be at them.

Dor. Come, my good lad, thou ſhalt be recompenced for thy ſelf denial; I have an egg for thee in the kitchen.

Jab. I hope it is an Oſtrich's, for I am mortally ſharp ſet—Oh, mother Dorcas, I have a thought in my head—I will give old maſter warning, and ſeek my fortune elſewhere.

Dor. Where will you ſeek it?

Jab. Where there is plenty of prog be aſſured, I will go upon the ſtage, and turn actor. There is a great many eating parts, and I hope to fill

them all. I was treated t'other night to a play, where there was a fine notable leg of lamb ſerved up to table; Oh! how I did long to be the attorney. I won't ſay ſo many good things wou'd have come out of my mouth, but a pretty many more wou'd have gone into it.

Dor. How you ramble, ſirrah, what megrims you have in your head.

Jab. Emptineſs breeds them; mercy! how glad I ſhou'd be to ſee it written down in my part —Enter Jabal, with a roaſt chicken.

Dor. Come, come, homelier fare muſt content you, let us light the lamp and boil our egg.

Jab. Our egg!—What, is it between us? One egg, and two to eat it.

Dor. Well, I care not if I ſpend ſix pence for a treat, ſo thou wil't be ſociable and merry when it is over.

Jab. Agreed; only give good cheer for my dinner, and we will have good humour for the deſert. Oh!—that leg of lamb.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An apartment at Mrs. RATCLIFFE'S.

Enter FREDERICK *and Mrs.* RATCLIFFE.

FREDERICK.

CAN you forgive me? has my lovely advocate ſued out my pardon, and may I now invoke a bleſſing on my love and me.

Mrs. R. Heaven in its bounty bleſs you both; may all good fortunes follow you, all comforts light upon you, and love and happineſs ever ſubſiſt between you.

Fred. Such piety can never pray in vain. Where is Eliza?

Mrs. R. She does not know you are here. Shall I call her?

Fred. Not yet. I have a little ſum, and you muſt be our banker; Charles is too proud to touch it, his ſpirit is of a pitch too high to ſtoop to wordly matters; we have been warm and cordial friends, how we may fare as brothers, Heaven only knows; I have ſome fears.

Mrs. R. Eliza is impreſs'd with the ſame apprehenſions; but if Sir Stephen acquieſces, all will be well; I hope this is a token of his forgiveneſs?

Fred. 'Twill ſerve to ſet us out. I have provided lodgings more commodious. I hope you will permit Eliza to remove; and I have a further ſuit, that you will have the goodneſs to accompany her.

Mrs. R. Well, but you do not anſwer my queſtion;—havn't you ſeen your father?

Fred. I have ſeen him.

Mrs. R. And explain'd to him?

Fred. I have.

Mrs. R. Well, what ſays he?

Fred. If he had ſaid what wou'd have done him honor, and given eaſe to my Eliza's mother, I ſhou'd not have waited for your queſtion; may I now ſee Eliza? there is a cloud on my heart alſo which only her bright preſence can diſpel.

Mrs. R. Ah! Sir, ſhe can be only bright henceforward by reflection, her ſunſhine muſt be caught from your's; however, I will ſend her to you. [*Exit.*

Fred. Oh! that my father was now ſtanding by me to behold her, and confeſs how irreſiſtible ſhe is—(*enter* Eliza) Oh! my ſoul's joy, my treaſure, my Eliza. (*embracing her*).

Eliza. Frederick, what tidings?

Fred. None, but of love encreaſing with each moment, glowing with every beam that thoſe ſoft eyes diffuſe, and heighten'd into rapture by thoſe charms, thoſe graces, that each look, word, motion, ſpread around you.

Eliza. Theſe are fond flattering words, but where's the conſolation that you wou'd have given me, had you brought back a pardon from your father? This ardour only proves that you had too much love, and I too little generoſity.

Fred. Take courage, love; I have not loſt the field, only prolong'd the fight; I have but ſkirmiſh'd with him yet, he has not felt my ſtrength; let me ſet you in ſight, and——

Eliza. Oh! you raſh man; why did you take ſuch pains to be undone? Why lull me into dreams of happineſs, 'till I forgot that I was poor and wretched: deceiver of yourſelf and me: I thought we trod on flowers, and never ſpied the precipice before us.

Fred.

Fred. I ſee no precipice, I fear none.

Eliza. Hear me! my Frederick, let love ſtand off a while, and give your ear to reaſon.—'Tis fit that you ſhou'd know the heart for which you have riſqued ſo much. Our marriage was a raſh one, be that my witneſs how I loved you; for never 'till this day had I the recollection of one act that weigh'd upon my conſcience, or reproach'd me with the ſin of diſobedience, in the ſlighteſt inſtance. But tho' I wanted firmneſs to oppoſe your love, I am not void of courage to prevent your ruin.—Have patience; hear me out.—Sir Stephen Bertram wiſhed for money: I have none to give him; the fortune of my houſe is cruſh'd—the ſpirit yet ſurvives, even in me, the weakeſt and perhaps the humbleſt of the name; but I reſiſt contempt; and if he ſpurns my poverty, I have a ſure reſource, that ſhall compel him to applaud my ſpirit.

Fred. What do you mean? your looks, your language terrify me.

Eliza. Oh! I have loved you too well to trifle; I will convince the world 'twas not by intereſt my heart was gain'd; 'twas not to keep off want, to live at eaſe, and make the noble relicks of my family retainers of his charity. I married to Sir Stephen Bertram's ſon: it was with worthier, purer views; to ſhare his thoughts, unite my heart to his, and make his happineſs my own; theſe ſentiments are my inheritance: if theſe will not ſuffice for his ambition, they will teach me how to act under the imputation of his ſon's ſeducer.

Fred. Hence with that word; it is a profanation to your lips; was ever man ſo bleſt, ſo exalted, as I am; if pride will not ſee it, if avarice cannot feel it, is that a reaſon why humility and gratitude ſhou'd not be bleſt in the enjoyment of it.

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. R. Eliza, your brother is come.

Eliza. Leave me, Frederick, I beſeech you leave me; let me confer with him alone; there is no way elſe to pacify him.

Mrs. R. Come, let us yield to her, I do believe ſhe's right. [*Exeunt Mrs.* R. *and* Fred.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Alone; how is my dear Eliza? you look pale, my love; have you been out? or are you going out? has any thing occurr'd?—you are more dreſt than uſual.

Eliza. Am I! no, ſure; you have ſeen this dreſs before, I have nothing new.

Cha. I can't ſay quite as much; for I have a new livelihood to ſeek, Sir Stephen has diſcarded me.

Eliza. Oh! fye upon him.

Cha. No, no, the man is worldly wiſe, no more; he has a ſon, Eliza, and he has found out I have a portionleſs ſiſter; who can blame him? But to confute ſuſpicion and put the careful merchant at his eaſe, we will cut ſhort the queſtion, and retire from London.

Eliza. Where muſt we go?

Cha. Far enough off for his repoſe, to be ſure; I am ſorry on account of Frederick, for I love him; but he has been too frequent in his viſits here, and he knows I think ſo; he will be happier for our parting.

Eliza. I doubt that——Is your reſolution taken?

Cha. Irrevocably——Where is my mother?

Eliza. Stay, hear your ſiſter firſt.

Cha. What ails you? what is coming? Why do you tremble?

Eliza.

Eliza. Oh! Charles (*Weeps*)

Char. What is it, ſpeak?

Eliza. I am the wife of Frederick.

Cha. Heaven and good angels forbid it.

Eliza. Heaven, and good angels, as I hope, have witneſs'd it.

Cha. Raſh girl, you have undone him; torn aſunder nature's ſtrongeſt tye, ſet father againſt ſon!—when was the name of Ratcliffe diſhonoured until now.

Eliza. Charles, brother, benefactor! is there yet a name more tender? an appeal more ſacred? did hard fortune leave me only one protector, one dear friend, and will not he forgive me? take me then and hurl me to the ground, as one not worth preſerving. (*throws herſelf on his neck.*)

Cha. Wretched Eliza; did I ever 'till this moment meet your embrace with coldneſs—have I not loved you? Heaven and Earth, how much? how then have I deſerved to be diſhonoured (*throws her off*) by you; and to have my name ſtampt, as the joint ſeducer of a fond, weak youth, who will have cauſe to execrate the hour when firſt he call'd me friend.

Eliza. Strike me not to the heart, with your reproaches, but in pity hear me: I am not lightly minded; not ignobly taught how to diſtinguiſh honour; for I am your ſiſter, and have a ſaint that does not bluſh to call me daughter; ſhe has pronounced my pardon.

Cha. She is all pity; ſorrow has melted her fond heart to weakneſs.

Eliza. And can you then find no excuſe for mine? What have I known but ſorrow, except gratitude to you, and love to Frederick? cannot you allow for a fond, ſorrow-melted heart in me, as well as in my mother? you ſaid, but now, that a ſa friend you loved him; I love him, as a friend; but women's friendſhip to your ſex, when years, affections, ſentiments ſo harmonized as Frederick's with

with mine, how long will it retain its ſtation in two hearts, before it draws them cloſer, and unites them as you ſee?

Cha. We'll have no more of this, Eliza; there is a weakneſs lurking at my heart, that warns me how I truſt myſelf too far; you have made wreck of your own honour; wretched girl, I may ſtill reſcue mine. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERICK *and Mrs.* RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. R. Eliza, my dear child, how has it paſs'd?

Fred. It is too plain how it has paſs'd—ſhe is in tears, pale and trembling; by my ſoul, it is too much—why did I leave her to his keen rebukes? —by Heaven I'll follow—

Eliza. Give me your arm; lead me into the other room; I ſhall recover there, if you will be but patient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sir STEPHEN'S *Hall.*

Enter Sir STEPHEN *and* SAUNDERS.

Sir S. Well, Saunders, what news have you been able to collect of my undutiful ſon?

Saun. I have not ſeen Mr. Bertram: but I am told he has ſettled himſelf in very handſome lodgings; and is gone to remove his lady to them.

Sir S. His lady! do you call her? can you find no fitter term? where ſhould he get the means to ſettle? he was not furniſhed with them by me, who elſe will do it? If he attempts to raiſe money upon expectances, be it at their peril who are fools enough to truſt him; no prudent man will be his bubble;

bubble; if I was ſure that was his practice, I ſhou'd hold it matter of conſcience to advertize againſt his debts.

Saun. Perhaps there may be perſons in the world, who think you will not hold out againſt an only ſon.

Sir S. Then let thoſe perſons ſmart for their opinion; they little know the feelings of an injured father; they cannot calculate my hopes, my diſappointments, my regret; he might have had a lady with an ample fortune; a wife without a ſhilling is—but what avails complaint? could you learn nothing further? who ſupplies him? who holds him up?

Saun. I hear that he had money of your broker, Sheva.

Sir S. That muſt be falſe intelligence; he will as ſoon make gold by tranſmutation, as wring it from the gripe of that old uſurer; no, no, Sheva is too wary; too much a Jew to help him with a ſhilling.

Saun. Yet I was ſo inform'd by his own ſervant.

Sir S. It mocks all belief; it only proves that Sheva, the moſt inveterate miſer in exiſtence, has a fellow Jew, for his ſervant, one of the compleateſt liars in creation.

Saun. I am apt to give him credit for the fact, notwithſtanding.

Sir S. Then give me leave to ſay you have more faith than moſt men living: was I to give ſo much credit, Mr. Saunders, I ſhould ſoon ſtop.

Saun. I am not quite ſo fix'd in my perſuaſion of old Sheva's character, as you are: in his dealings, all the world knows he is punctiliouſly honeſt, no man's character ſtands higher in the alley; and his ſervant tells me, tho' he ſtarves himſelf, he is ſecretly very charitable to others.

Sir

Sir S. Yes, this you may believe, if you are diſpoſed to take one Jew's word for another Jew's character; I am obſtinate againſt both, and if he has ſupplied the money, as I am ſure it muſt be on uſurious principles, as ſoon as ever I have the old miſer in my reach, I will either wring the truth from his lips, or the life out of his carcaſe.

Enter SHEVA.

Sheva. How does my worthy maſter? I am your very humble ſervant, goot Sir Stephen Bertram, I have a little private buſineſs to impart to you, with your goot leave, and if your leiſure ſerves.

Sir S. Leave us if you pleaſe. *(to Saunders.)*

[*Exit.* Saunders.

Sheva. Aha! I am very much fatigued, there is great throng, and preſs, in the offices at the bank; and I am aged and feeble—*(going to ſit)*

Sir S. Hold! Sir!—before I welcome you within theſe doors, or ſuffer you to ſit down in my preſence, I demand to know explicitly, and without prevarication, if you have furniſh'd my ſon with money ſecretly, and without my knowledge?

Sheva. If I do lend my monies, ought I not to lend it in ſecret? If I do not aſk your leave, Sir Stephen, may I not diſpoſe of my own monies according to my own liking? But if it is a crime, I do wiſh to aſk you, who is my accuſer; that I believe is juſtice every where; and in your happy country, I do think it is law likewiſe.

Sir S. Very well, Sir; you ſhall have both law and juſtice—The information comes from your own ſervant, Jabal; can you controvert it?

Sheva. I do preſume to ſay, my ſervant ought not to report his maſter's ſecrets: but I will not ſay he has not ſpoken the truth.

Sir S. Then you confeſs the fact.

Sheva.

Sheva. I humbly think there is no need of that: you have the information from my footboy—I do not deny it.

Sir S. And the ſum.

Sheva. I do not talk of the ſum, Sir Stephen, that is not my practice; neither, under favour, is my footboy my caſhier; if he be a knave and liſten at my keyhole, the more ſhame his, I am not in the fault.

Sir S. Not in the fault! Wretch! Miſer! Uſurer! You never yet let looſe a ſingle guinea from your gripe, but with the view of doubling it at the return; I know what you are.

Sheva. 'Tis more than I will ſay of myſelf:—But I am a jew: a poor defenceleſs jew: that is enough to make me miſer, uſurer.—Alas! I cannot help it.

Sir. S. No matter: you are caught in your own trap: I tell you now my ſon is ruined, diſinherited, undone; one conſolation is, that you have loſt your money.

Sheva. If that be a conſolation you are welcome to it; if my monies are loſt, my motives are not.

Sir. S. I'll never pay one farthing of his debts; he has offended me for life; refuſed a lady with ten thouſand pounds, and married a poor Miſs without a doit!

Sheva. Yes, I do underſtand your ſon is married.

Sir. S. Do you ſo; by the ſame token I underſtand you to be a villian.

Sheva. Aha! that is a very bad word—Villain!—I did never think to hear that word from one who ſays he knows me; I pray you now, permit me to ſpeak a word or two in my own defence; I have done a great deal of buſineſs for you, Sir Stephen; have put a pretty deal of monies in your pocket, by my pains and labours; I did never wrong you of one ſixpence in my life; I was content with my lawful commiſſion—How can I be a villain?

Sir. S. Do you not uphold the ſon againſt the father?

Sheva. I do uphold the ſon, but not againſt the fader;

fader; it is not natural to ſuppoſe, the oppreſſor and the fader one and the ſame perſon; I did ſee your ſon ſtruck down to the ground with ſorrow; cut to the heart; I did not ſtop to aſk whoſe hand had laid him low; I gave him mine, and raiſed him up.

Sir. S. You, you talk of charity.

Sheva. I do not talk of it; I feel it.

Sir. S. What claim have you to generoſity, humanity, or any manly virtue? Which of your money-making tribe ever had ſenſe of pity? Shew me the terms on which you have lent this money, if you dare, exhibit the dark deed, by which you have meſh'd your victim in the ſnares of uſury: but be aſſured, I'll drag you to light, and publiſh your baſe dealings to the world. *(Catches* SHEVA *by the arm)*

Sheva. Take your hand from my coat—my coat and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together.—There—there—be patient—be patient—moderate your paſſions, and you ſhall ſee my terms; they are in little compaſs; fair dealings may be compriſed in few words.

Sir S. If they are fair, produce them.

Sheva. Let me ſee, let me ſee; Ah! Poor Sheva--I do ſo tremble, I can hardly hold my papers—So; ſo; no I am right—Aha—here it is, take it *(gives Sir* Stephen *a paper)* do you not ſee it now? have you not caſt your eye over it?

Sir S. (Reads) "Ten thouſand pounds inveſted in the 3 per cents, money of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram"—I'm thunderſtruck.

Sheva. Are you ſo? I was ſtruck too, but not by thunder; Heaven was not angry with a poor old man; what has Sheva done to be call'd villain; I am a Jew; what then? Is that a reaſon none of my tribe ſhou'd have a ſenſe of pity? You have no great deal of pity yourſelf, but I do know many noble Britiſh merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuſe your tribe.

Sir. S. I am confounded and aſhamed; I ſee my fault and moſt ſincerely aſk your pardon.

Sheva.

Sheva. Goot lack! goot lack! that is too much, I pray you goot Sir Stephen, ſay no more; you'll bring the bluſh upon my cheek, if you demean ſo far to a poor Jew, who is your very humble ſervant to command.

Sir S. Did my ſon know Miſs Ratcliffe had this fortune?

Sheva. When ladies are ſo handſome and ſo goot, no generous man will aſk about their fortune.

Sir S. 'Tis plain I was not that generous man.

Sheva. No, no, you did aſk about nothing elſe.

Sir S. But how in the name of wonder did ſhe come by it?

Sheva. If you did give me monies to buy ſtock, wou'd you not be much offended were I to aſk you how you came by it.

Sir S. Her brother was my clerk; I did not think he had a ſhilling in the world.

Sheva. And yet you turn'd him upon the world, where he has found a great many ſhillings; the world, you ſee, was the better maſter of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I will humbly take my leave; you wiſh'd your ſon to marry a lady with ten thouſand pounds, he has exactly fulfill'd your wiſhes; I do preſume you will not think it neceſſary to turn him out of doors, and diſinherit him for that.

Sir S. Go on—I merit your reproof, I ſhall henceforward be aſham'd to look you or my ſon in the face,

Sheva. To look me in the face, is to ſee nothing of my heart; to look upon your ſon, and not to love him, I ſhould have thought had been impoſſible. Sir Stephen, I am your very humble ſervant.

Sir S. Farewell, friend Sheva; can you forgive me?

Sheva. I can forgive my enemy, much more my friend. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Sir STEPHEN'S *hall.*

Enter Sir STEPHEN *and* SAUNDERS.

Sir STEPHEN.

I AM wrong, Saunders; totally wrong in the manner I have reſented my ſon's marriage.

Saun. I flatter'd myſelf you wou'd not hold out long againſt a worthy ſon; it is not in the nature of a father to reſent ſo deeply.

Sir S. Very true, Saunders; very true, my heart is not a hard one. But the lady he has married has ten thouſand pounds to her fortune.

Saun. Oh! that indeed makes all the difference in life; that is a mollyfying circumſtance, I confeſs.

Sir S. I know not how ſhe came by it, it ſeems the work of magic, but ſo it ſurely is, I ſaw the ſtock in Sheva's hands.

Saund. Well, Sir, you cou'd not have it from better hands than from the author himſelf.

Sir S. How, what! from Sheva! impoſſible; Ratcliffe is of a great family; ſome ſudden windfall; ſome relation dead; you'll ſee him in mourning next time you meet.

Saun. He has not put it on yet, for I left him this minute in the Compting-houſe; he is waiting to ſpeak with you.

Sir S. So, ſo, ſo; now then the news will come out—but, prithee, don't let the gentleman wait; we muſt make up for paſt ſlights by double civility. Pray, inform Mr. Ratcliffe, I ſhall be moſt happy to receive his commands. (*Exit* Saunders.) Now I ſhall

I ſhall be curious to ſee how this young man will carry himſelf in proſperity; had I but ſtaid one day longer without diſcharging him, I could have met him with a better face.

Enter RATCLIFFE.

Cha. Sir Stephen Bertram, I ſhall not engroſs much of your time; my buſineſs will be diſpatched in very few words.

Sir S. Whatever commands you may have for me, Mr. Ratcliffe, I am perfectly at your ſervice.

Cha. I don't doubt it, Sir, but I ſhall not put your ſpirit to any great trial; my explanation will not be a hoſtile one, unleſs you chuſe to underſtand it as ſuch.

Sir S. Far be it from me to wiſh it; good terms, between near connexions, you know, Sir, ſhould always be cultivated.

Cha. You are pleaſed to be facetious, but your irony will not put me by from telling you, that your ſon's connexion with my family, is no match of my making. If my ſiſter has diſhonoured herſelf, it behoves me to ſay, and to ſay it on my ſolemn word, that the whole tranſaction was kept perfectly ſecret from me, and has received every mark of my diſpleaſure and reſentment, that I have as yet had an opportunity to give it.

Sir S. Proud as Lucifer himſelf. *(aſide)* Well, Sir, if you are diſſatisfied with the match, I can only ſay, I am not in the fault of it. But when you ſay your ſiſter is diſhonoured, I proteſt I do not perfectly underſtand you; nor did I quite expect ſuch an expreſſion from you.

Cha. Probably you did not; your ſtudies, perhaps, have lain more in the book of accompts, than in the book of honour.

Sir S. You are very high, Sir; I am afraid your unexpected good fortune has rather intoxicated you.

Cha. No, Sir, the beſt good fortune I have known this day, was that which diſcharged me from your connexion; not this which unwillingly impoſes it upon me.

Sir S. Very well, Mr. Ratcliffe; it was not with this ſort of converſation I was prepared to entertain you; the ſooner we put an end to it the better; only this, I muſt take leave to tell you, that the fortune of the family into which your ſiſter has married, is by no means overbalanced by the fortune ſhe has brought into it.

Cha. Aye, now your heart's come out; that mercenary taunt is all you have to ſay; but had my wiſh prevailed, you never ſhould have had it in your power to utter Ratcliffe's name without a bluſh, for your unwarranted ſuſpicion of his honour. [*Exit.*

Sir S. He's mad; his head is turn'd; proſperity has overſet him. If the ſiſter of this ſpark is furniſhed with no better brains, poor Frederick has made a precious bargain; we ſhall breed candidates for Bedlam. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in SHEVA'S *houſe.*

Enter Sheva. *Old table and two chairs. Bell on the table.*

Sheva. Ah ha! very goot, very goot, I am at home; now I will ſit down in mine own parlour, and not aſk leave of any body, *(ſits)* I did not think I could have given ſo large a ſum away, and yet outliv'd it; but I am pretty well. There is but one man in the world poorer than he was, and he is going out of it, and there is a couple at leaſt, a great deal happier, and they are coming into it: well, well, that is two for one, cent. per cent. ſo I have made pretty goot bargain. Now I will ring my bell, and order my dinner; yes, yes, I will eat my

my dinner, for I am hungry. (*Rings, enter* Jabal.) Oh! you knave; oh! you picklock; how dare you liſten at my door, and hear my ſecrets? Sirrah, I will have your ears nail'd to it—don't you ſpeak, don't you ſpeak; you will make me angry, and that will ſpoil my appetite. What have you got in the houſe for my repaſt?

Jab. Plenty; as good luck will have it.

Sheva. Plenty, ſay you; what is it? let me hear.

Jab. An egg-ſhell, and the ſkins of three potatoes; ſhall I ſerve them up at once, or make two courſes of them?

Sheva. How now, you jackanapes! one egg-ſhell is nothing goot for a hungry man. Have you left ſome of the potatoes in the ſkins?

Jab. Not an atom: you may have the broth they were boil'd in.

Sheva. You are a ſaucy knave, to make a joke of your maſter: do you think I will keep a jack pudding in my houſe like you, to betray my ſecrets; why did you ſay I gave away my monies?

Jab. What harm did I do; nobody believed me.

Sheva. Go your ways, go your ways, you are not for my purpoſe; you are not for my purpoſe; you do let your idle tongue run away with you.

Jab. That is becauſe you wo'nt employ my teeth.

Sheva. You do prate too much; you do chatter, and bring your poor maſter into great ſtraits; I have been much mal-treated and abuſed.

Jab. Have you ſo? I wiſh to goodneſs I had been by.

Sheva. Sirrah, you wiſh you had been by to hear your maſter abuſed.

Jab. Yes, for I would have dealt the fellow that abuſed you, ſuch a recompence in the fifth button, that he ſhould have remembered it as long as he lived. Damn it, do you think I would ſtand by and ſee my maſter abuſed?

Sheva. Don't you ſwear, don't you ſwear; that is goot lad, but don't you ſwear.

Jab. Tho' I may be ſtarv'd in your ſervice, I will die in your defence.

Sheva. Well, well, you are a merry knave; but my eyes do water a little; the air is ſharp, and they are weak; go your ways, go your ways; ſend Dorcas to me. (*Exit* Jabal.) I cannot tell what ails my heart all this day long, it is ſo troubleſome. I have ſpent ten thouſand pounds to make it quiet; but there muſt be a little fraction more, I muſt give the poor knave ſomething for his good will. (*Enter* Dorcas.) So, ſo, come hither, Dorcas, why do you look ſo ſad? what ails you, girl? why do you cry?

Dor. Becauſe you are going to turn away Jabal; he is the kindlieſt, willingeſt, good-naturedeſt ſoul alive; the houſe will be a dungeon without Jabal.

Sheva. Then tell him it is at your requeſt I let him ſtay in his dungeon; ſay that I was very angry with him, but that you pacified my anger.

Dor. Lord love your heart, that is ſo like you.

Sheva. Hark you, Dorcas, I will give you this piece of money to make the poor knave merry, but mind that you beſtow it on him as your own little preſent, and promiſe not to ſay it comes from me.

Dor. Well, to be ſure, you do not give your money like other people; if ever I do a good turn, I take care the perſon I favor ſhall know from whence it comes; that ſo he may have the pleaſure of returning it. But here comes our friend and neighbour, Mrs. Goodiſon. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. GOODISON.

Mrs. G. Ah! my good Sir, I perceive you are at your old ſport; no ſmoak in your kitchen; no cloth upon your table; full coffers, and an empty cupboard.

Sheva.

Sheva. No; no; my coffers are not full; I am very poor juſt now.

Mrs. G. Come, then, and partake with one whom your bounty has made rich.

Sheva. Do not talk of my bounty; I do never give away for bounty's ſake; if pity wrings it from my heart, whether I will or not, then I do give; how can I help it?

Mrs. G. Well, Sir, I can be ſilent, but I cannot forget, and now, if you will come and ſhare my grateful meal, perhaps I can ſhew you one of the lovelieſt objects in creation; a beautiful and amiable young bride; who, with her huſband and mother, is now my lodger. She was married this very morning to your friend, Sir Stephen Bertram's ſon, who, between you and me, has brought himſelf into ſad trouble by the match. But, ſurely, if there is a woman on earth worth being ruin'd for, it muſt be this young lady—ſo modeſt, ſo ſweet tempered, ſo engaging; Oh! that Sir Stephen had your heart.

Sheva. It might be inconvenient to him if he had, it is not kept for nothing.

Mrs. G. You wou'd not turn ſuch a daughter-in-law from your doors.

Sheva. Nor will he perhaps.

Mrs. G. Ah! Sir, I know a little better; the poor young gentleman himſelf told me he was ruined; but don't be afraid to take me into your houſe, added he, with a ſigh, that went to my heart; I am provided with the means of doing juſtice to you, by a generous friend; ſhewing me a bank bill of one hundred pounds—Heaven bleſs that generous friend, quoth I, and at that moment I thought of you, my good Mr. Sheva, who reſcued me from the like diſtreſs, when my poor huſband died.

Sheva. You may think of me, Mrs. Goodiſon, but I muſt beg you will not ſpeak of me, in the hearing of your lodgers.

Mrs.

Mrs. G. Very well, Sir, if I muſt not ſpeak, I muſt not; yet a ſtrange thing came out, in converſation with the mother of the bride, a very excellent lady, from whom I found out that ſhe is the widow of that very gentleman we knew at Cales, by the name of Don Carlos.

Sheva. Mercy! upon his heart, he was the preſerver of my life; but for his charitable ſuccour, this poor body would have fed the fires of an auto da fe. Is it poſſible Mrs. Ratcliffe is the widow of my benefactor.

Mrs. G. Moſt certain that ſhe is, which you may ſoon be convinced of. But I perceive you know the lady's name.

Sheva. Did you not name the lady yourſelf?

Mrs. G. No, on my word; Ah! Sir, you're fairly caught, you have betrayed yourſelf; ill deeds they ſay will come to light, and ſo will good ones, it ſhould ſeem.

Sheva. Hold your tongue; hold your tongue; you forget I am faſting and without a dinner, go your ways and I will follow; you are nimble, I am ſlow, you will be ſhamed with your lodgers, if they ſee you with a poor old Jew like me.

Mrs. G. Ah! you are cunning in your charities, but I'll do as you wou'd have me, and be ready at the door to receive and welcome you.

[*Exit.*

Sheva. The widow of my preſerver from the inquiſitors of Cadiz; and the mother of my reſcuer from the mob of London; dear me, dear me! How Providence diſpoſes all things. The friend that's dead wants nothing, the friend that is alive ſhall likewiſe want nothing, that I can give him—goot lack, goot lack, when I did heap up monies with ſuch pains and labour, I did always think I ſhou'd find an uſe for them at laſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE.

SCENE III.

A handſome drawing room at Mrs. GOODISON'S.

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE, ELIZA, *and* CHARLES.

Char. I've cleared myſelf to his father; and I'll clear myſelf to all the world.

Mrs. R. Charles—Charles—You ſoar too high.

Cha. Madam—Madam—

Mrs. R. How is your honor ſlighted, when your friend did'nt conſult even his father?

Cha. He knew his father's mind too well.

Mrs. R. And what wou'd you have done?

Cha. I wou'd have ſav'd my friend.

Eliza. And ſacrificed your ſiſter; that, let me ſay, is a high ſtrain of friendſhip, but no great proof of brotherly affection.

Cha. Siſter! there is more peace of mind ſacrificed in indulging in an act to be repented of, than by foregoing a diſhonorable propenſity. The woman without fortune, that conſents to a clandeſtine marriage with a man whoſe whole dependance is upon an unforgiving father, never can be juſtified.

Eliza. You argue from the unforgiving nature of Sir Stephen Bertram. You had experience of it; I had none.

Cha. You might have had, by an appeal to his conſent, before you gave your own.

Mrs. R. You bear too hard upon your ſiſter; you forget her ſex, her ſituation; your own tenderneſs, and the affection you have ever borne her.

Cha. No, Madam, if I cou'd forget how proudly I have thought of her, I ſhou'd not be humbled by her conduct as I am; I own I ſtand in wonder and amaze at your indifference; you think I am too proud; you tell me that I ſoar too high; how was it when I was this Bertram's clerk? I bore my lot with patience; I ſubmitted, without murmuring, to poverty—I cannot brook diſgrace.

Eliza.

Eliza. Well, Charles, if you could love me only whilſt you thought me faultleſs, I muſt wonder how it was we were friends ſo long, and now that you have ſaid all that rigid juſtice can enforce againſt me, had you ſaid leſs, I ſhou'd have felt it more.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Charles, brother, friend; will you not give me joy? Come, man, ſhake off this cloud, and ſmile upon my happineſs, we catch it but by gleams. (*ladies retire up the ſtage*)

Cha. Yes, Sir, we ſometimes catch it by ſurprize and ſtealth; we catch it by a breach of promiſe, and good faith—then to congratulate a man, in my ſenſe of the word, wou'd be to libel him.

Fred. I have frequently ſeen cauſe to applaud your philoſophy, Charles; now I muſt think you carry it too far.

Cha. It touches you too near, therefore you like it not.

Fred. To that remark, I ſhou'd return an anſwer, were not theſe dear pledges preſent, that might a little ruffle your philoſophy perhaps, but it wou'd fully vindicate my principle.

Cha. Poſtpone it then; but don't forget it.

Fred. When friends fall into altercation on ſuch points as theſe, there ſhou'd be none to witneſs their folly.

Cha. Folly! (Mrs. R. *coming forward to* Charles).

Mrs. R.—Son, ſon, no more of this.

Eliza. Stop, I conjure you both; Charles, Charles, if you have love or pity left, let this diſſention go no further, and you, Frederick, huſband, you—whoſe generous heart has put to hazard every hope for me, add yet another proof of love, by ſuffering theſe rebukes with patience; they are but flaſhes of a temper warm in friendſhip,

ſhip, glowing with honour, impatient of neglect; perhaps my brother thinks ambition meanneſs; artifice, might have ſome part, ſome influence in moving me to what I've done, I ſpurn ſuch motives, diſavow them all, were I in Frederick's place, and he in mine, I ſhou'd have done as he did, I ſhou'd have thought no ſacrifice too great, to have ſecured a laſting intereſt in a heart like his.

Cha. This had been only ruin to yourſelf, this wou'd have had the plea of ſpirit, therefore more excuſeable: but this no man of honor wou'd have ſuffer'd; therefore 'tis only ſaid, not done.

Fred. Whatever my Eliza ſays, is done, her actions verify her words; and he that doubts them, wou'd diſpute againſt the light of Heaven; 'tis I am advanced, ſhe is abaſed; 'tis I that am enrich'd, Eliza is impoveriſh'd: I only riſk a few ſharp words, from an ungentle father; ſhe ſuffers keen reproaches, undeſerv'd, from an injurious brother.

Cha. Urge me no further, I can bear no more.

Eliza. Oh! my dear mother, ſave me. *(falls into Mrs.* R's *arms.)*

Fred. (croſſing to Eliza.) There, there, you have ſtruck her to the heart—and that's a coward's blow, *(apart to Charles)* my life—my ſoul—look up—dear madam, take her hence. (*Mrs.* R. *leads* Eliza *off.)*

Cha. A coward's blow! you recollect theſe words, and know their meaning, I ſuppoſe.

Fred. Yes, and will meet your comment, when you will, and where you will.

Cha. Then follow me, and we'll adjuſt that matter, ſpeedily.

Fred. I will but drop a tear upon the ruin you have made, and then be with you.

Cha. I'll wait for you below. [*Exit.*

Eliza. Where are ye both, raſh men?—Ah! Frederick, alone! what is become of Charles? why is he gone away? what have you ſaid to him? I am ſure you have quarrell'd.

Fred.

Fred. No, no, not quarrell'd—only jarr'd, as friend's ſometimes will do, all will be ſet to rights.

Eliza. How, when! why not this moment, in my hearing? I ſhall be happy to make peace between you.

Fred. Peace will be made, aſſure yourſelf, ſweet love; theſe little heats are eaſily adjuſted.

Eliza. But I cou'd do it beſt, you are too hot; both too hot and fiery.

Fred. We ſhall be cooler ſoon; ſuch heats ſoon ſpend themſelves, and then the heart is ſaid to reſt.

Eliza. Heaven grant ſuch reſt to yours.

Fred. Indeed!

Eliza. What ſays my Frederick? you are ſtill diſcompoſed—Your colour comes and goes—Oh! that my arms cou'd give you reſt: nay, what now my Frederick; you ſtruggle to get looſe—Are theſe ſoft toils uneaſy to you? will not your proud ſwelling heart endure ſuch gentle fond impriſonment.

Fred. Oh! thou angelic virtue: ſoul-diſſolving ſoftneſs, wou'd I might expire enfolded in theſe arms: love I conjure thee to bear up: I am ſure my father will take pity and be kind to thee; I ſhall aſſail his feelings in a manner that no perſon can reſiſt; I am now going to put it to the proof,—farewell.

Eliza. Why in ſuch haſte? ſtay yet a little while, if you depart ſo ſoon, you'll meet Charles again; and then——

Fred. What then?

Eliza. Some fatal accident will be the iſſue of it. Alas! you know not what his paſſions are, when once inflamed; let them burn out, and then he's calm as water.

Fred. Where does this lead? you wou'd not make a coward of your huſband?

Eliza. No, nor wou'd you make a diſtracted wretch of your poor Eliza; therefore I will not let you looſe, 'till you have promiſed me not to provoke

provoke him to more violence. Promiſe me this, and you ſhall go.

Fred. Well, then, if that will ſet your mind at reſt, I promiſe you I will have no further altercation with him,—not another word to gall him.

Eliza. You'll not renew your quarrel.

Fred. No, my Eliza, we'll end it, and diſmiſs it.

Eliza. And this you promiſe me, on your honour.

Fred. Yes, I do promiſe.

Eliza. Then all my fears are over, now you may go; well, what withholds you? what more do you wiſh than freedom, and releaſe from my fond arms.

Fred. To ſnatch one laſt dear moment, and then die within them—Oh! my ſoul's better part; may Heaven preſerve and bleſs you. [*Exit.*

Eliza. Now I am happy; now I am ſecure; this breach once healed, I can face all alarms. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room at a Tavern.

Enter FREDERICK *attended by a* WAITER.

FREDERICK.

IS the porter return'd who went with my meſſage to Mr. Saunders, at Sir Stephen Bertram's?

Waiter. He is, Sir, the gentleman will be here with you preſently.

Fred. Shew him up, when he comes—there will be another gentleman call; I believe you know Mr. Ratcliffe?

Waiter. Yes, Sir; we know Mr. Ratcliffe very well.

Fred. If he comes while Mr. Saunders is here, requeſt him to wait a few minutes till he is gone.

Waiter. I ſhall, Sir; any other commands?

Fred. None. (*Exit* Waiter) I ſcarce know what I have written to my father; yet, perhaps, theſe few lines, in ſuch a moment, may diſpoſe him to protect the widow, if fate will have it ſo, of a diſcarded ſon. Now I am ready for this angry champion, and ſince he is reſolved to vindicate his courage by his ſword, let him produce his weapons when he will, I'll not refuſe the ſatisfaction he demands.

Enter JABAL, *in haſte.*

Jab. Oh! Sir, Sir, I'm overjoy'd to find you; come, I pray you come away to my old maſter, who is pining till he ſees you.

Fred. Who is your maſter? And who are you?

Jab. As if you didn't know Jabal, who lives—no, hold there—who does not live, but ſtarves with your

your old friend, in Duke's-place. Why, lud-a-mercy! I knew your honour at the length of the ſtreet, and ſaw you turn into this tavern; the puppily waiter would have ſtopt me from coming to you.

Fred. I wiſh you had taken his advice.

Jab. That could not be your wiſh, if you knew all; ſure enough I muſt hunt up Mr. Ratcliffe alſo, for there is an iron in the fire for each of you: maſter is making his will, lawyer Daſh is at his elbow.

Fred. If the Devil was at his elbow, I cannot come to him.

Jab. I wou'd not carry ſuch a meſſage back for all the world—why, when lawyer Daſh has pen and ink in hand, and a will under his thumb—he'll daſh you in, or daſh you out, in a crack.

Fred. Then temper your apology to your taſte—only let your maſter underſtand I cannot come.

Jab. I'll tell him you are married—that will be a ſilencer at once.

Fred. Begone, make haſte——

Jab. What's this—a ſword on—Oh! ho!—ſome miſchief a foot; I'll let my old maſter know. *(aſide.)* [*Exit.*

Fred. Married! how cutting is that recollection! joys juſt in ſight, ſhewn only to be ſnatched away. Dear, loſt, undone, Eliza! but I won't think, for that is madneſs.—Inexorable honour muſt be obey'd.

Enter SAUNDERS.

Saun. Mr. Bertram, I came to you the firſt moment I cou'd get away—for I long'd to give you joy.

Fred. Be ſilent on that ſubject, I conjure you; the favour I have to aſk of you, is ſimply this:—here is a letter for my father, deliver it to him with your own hands. You ſeem ſurprized!

Saun. I am, indeed—the impatience of your look—the hurry of your ſpeech—the place in which I meet you——

Fred. The letter will explain all that; I could

not give it you in preſence of my———Well, no matter—I take you for a man of honour, and my friend: Will you give the letter?

Saun. Aſſuredly. But if I am a man of honour and your friend, why will you not let me ſtay with you? In truth, dear Frederick, I am a friend, that if you want him, will not flinch.

Fred. The friend I want is one that will not force his ſervices upon me, when I can't accept of them; but take my word at once, and leave me.

Saun. Enough, I am gone—— [*Exit.*

Fred. I have been harſh with that good man; but this ſuſpence is dreadful.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Mr. Ratcliffe deſires to know if you are at leiſure?

Fred. Perfectly—let him know I'm at his ſervice. [*Exit* Waiter.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. I have brought my ſword, compare it with your own, and if you have a preference, make your choice. I preſume you have no objection to the weapon?

Fred. None, on my account, but a little, perhaps, on the ſcore of vanity, as thinking I have ſome advantage over you, in point of ſkill and practice.

Cha. As far as that opinion goes, you're welcome to all the advantage it gives you—Oh! Sir, this is a ſorry buſineſs—will nothing elſe convince you I am incapable of giving a coward's blow?

Fred. You have offer'd nothing elſe; it is a mode of your own chuſing.

Cha. Your language forced it on me; you have touched my feelings to the quick; words, ſuch as you made uſe of, cannot be paſſed over, without abſolute diſgrace, unleſs you will revoke them, by apology.

Fred. You may well conceive, Mr. Ratcliffe, with

with what repugnance I oppoſe myſelf to you on this occaſion; whether the event be fatal to you, or to myſelf, ſmall conſolation will be left to the ſurvivor. The courſe you take is warranted by every rule of honour, and you act no otherwiſe than I expected. But, as my expreſſion juſtifies your challenge, ſo did your provocation juſtify my expreſſion; and your language being addreſſed to a lady whom I have the honour to protect, it is not in my power to retract one tittle of what I ſaid; for, was you to repeat the ſame inſult, I ſhould follow it with the ſame retort.

Char. If you hold to the words, I don't know how we can adjuſt it amicably.

Fred. I will ſpeak plainly to you, and the rather becauſe I am now, perhaps, ſpeaking to you for the laſt time: admitted, by your ſiſter's favour, into a family whoſe repreſentative reſents her conduct, I will not ſo diſgrace her choice in your eyes, who have oppoſed it, as to ſubmit in the firſt inſtance, to the moſt diſtant hint at an apology.

Char. No more—defend yourſelf—(*they fight*, Charles *is diſarmed*) I am at your mercy.

Fred. I am at your's, dear Charles. Now, I retract my words, and bluſh for having uſed them.

Char. Oh! Frederick!

Sheva. (without) Let me in—let me in—I am Sheva, your friend. *(Enter* Sheva) Dear me! dear me! what have you been about? goodneſs defend me, is it come to this? are you not friends? are you not brothers? is that a reaſon you ſhould quarrel? and if you differ, muſt you fight? can your ſwords argue better than their maſters? you call that an affair of honour, I ſuppoſe; under favour, I do not call it a very honourable affair; 'tis only giving a foul name to a foul deed. Goot lack! goot lack! what is the matter with your wriſt?

Char. Nothing to ſignify; a trifling ſcratch.

Sheva. I pray you come to my poor houſe, and let that ſcratch be healed; you had great care for

me, let me have ſome for you; that is my ſenſe of an affair of honour, to pay the debt that I do owe to you, and to your fader, who preſerved my life in Spain—that is my point of honour.

Char. My father! did you know my father?

Sheva. That you ſhall hear, when I have ſhewn you how I mean to diſpoſe of my affairs. As to you, Mr. Frederick——but come, come, let us depart, this is no place to talk in, put up your ſwords: I hope we have no farther uſe for them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment at Mrs. GOODISON'S.

Enter Sir STEPHEN BERTRAM *and Mrs.* GOODISON.

Mrs. G. Your ſon is not at home, Sir Stephen, but Mrs. Bertram is; and if you allow me to call her down, I'm ſure ſhe will be happy to pay her duty to you.

Sir. S. A moment's patience, Mrs. Goodiſon; you ſeem much intereſted for this young bride, your lodger.

Mrs. G. It is impoſſible to be otherwiſe; ſhe has beauty to engage the eye, and manner to intereſt the heart.

Sir S. Some pride of family about her, I ſhould gueſs; a little of her brother's vivacity, perhaps.

Mrs. G. None that appears—mildneſs and modeſty, and every gentle grace, ſeems inherently her own.

Sir. S. Be pleaſed to tell her, I attend to pay my compliments, and as young lady's characters are not ſo eaſily developed in the company of their mothers, I ſhou'd be glad ſhe wou'd allow me to confer with her alone. [*Exit. Mrs.* Goodiſon. Now I ſhall have this myſtery unravell'd; Saunders's notion that the fortune comes from Sheva, is romantic in the extreme; why ſhou'd he portion her? She has no Jew's blood in her veins, we'll hope;

hope; and as to a deception, that he dares not practice.—She comes—by Heavens!—a lovely creature.

Enter ELIZA.

Eliza. You honor me moſt highly, Sir.

Sir. S. Not ſo, madam, the honor is conferred on me.—

Eliza. How have I merited this condeſcenſion?

Sir. S. Call it not condeſcenſion; it is no more than is due from one who is proud to embrace the title you have allow'd him to aſſume.

Eliza. This is beyond my hopes; will you permit me then to call myſelf your daughter, and entreat a bleſſing and a pardon on my knees?

Sir. S. Not for the world, in that ſubmiſſive poſture, all you can aſk is granted, with acknowledgments on my part for the happineſs you have beſtow'd upon my ſon.—Had certain circumſtances occurred before your marriage, that have ſince turned up, I may preſume you would not have precipitated matters ſo—at leaſt not in the ſecret manner they were carried.—

Eliza. What circumſtances, Sir, may you allude to?

Sir. S. The death, as I ſuppoſe, in your family.—

Eliza. Good Heaven, forbid! What death?—My brother!

Sir. S. No, your brother, madam, no! Pray be not thus alarm'd—I know your brother's circumſtances too well to ſuppoſe your ſudden fortune could proceed from him.—Perhaps ſome diſtant relation—or ſome friend may have bequeathed.—

Eliza. What, let me aſk, I know of no bequeſt.

Sir S. Call it a gift then, a donation on your marriage.—It muſt have been an agreeable ſurprize to my ſon, to have been preſented with a fortune ſo unexpected.

Eliza. I am loath to think Sir Stephen Bertram can deſcend to ridicule my poverty.—That I ſhould be regarded by you as an unwelcome intruder

truder upon your family, I can well believe—conſcious that I have incurred your diſpleaſure, I ſhall patiently endeavour to ſoften it, by ſubmiſſion and obedience.

Sir. S. Madam, that anſwer is at once ſo pacifying and ſo candid, that if the information I have had of your being poſſeſſed of ten thouſand pounds for your fortune, be falſe,—tho' I thought I had pretty ſtrong evidence of it.——

Eliza. Impoſſible!—I'm ſure your ſon, I am ſure my brother, never told you this.

Sir. S. I cannot ſay they did.

Eliza. No, I'll engage for them, they wou'd diſdain ſo groſs and palpable a deceit.

Sir. S. Well, be it as it may, with or without a fortune, portion'd or pennyleſs, I feel myſelf ſo irreſiſtibly impell'd to open my arms to you as a father, that whether Sheva has or has not deceived me, I here depoſit my reſentment, and by what I experience of your power over my heart, moſt thoroughly acquit my ſon for having ſurrendered his.

Eliza. It is the impulſe of your own generoſity, not any impreſſion of my giving, that moves your heart to pity and forgiveneſs—but who is Sheva, that you ſeem to point at as the author of this falſehood?

Sir. S. Sheva, the Jew—ſurely you know the man?

Eliza. Thank heaven, I do not. I can ſafely ſay I never, to my recollection, heard his name before. Some vile impoſtor, I ſuppoſe.

Sir S. Not quite that, tho' bad enough to be ſo treated, if he has practiced this deceit on me.—Sheva's my broker, your huſband knows him well, a miſerly, methodical, old alley drudge, who ſhew'd me what I believed a true receipt, for ten thouſand pounds, veſted in your name in the funds.—One of my people wou'd have perſuaded me it was his own voluntary benefaction—but if you don't know him, never ſaw him, never heard his name, the thing's impoſſible.

Eliza.

Eliza. Totally ſo, without one ray of probability; the man is either mad or miſchevious, no Jew of that or any other name do I know.——

Sir. S. Your merit then, and not your fortune, ſhall endear you to me, I will ſtrike out ten thouſand pounds, that I perceive you are not poſſeſs'd of, and write in ten thouſand graces, which I perceive you are miſtreſs of, and ſo balance the account.—Now, Saunders! what's the matter?

Enter SAUNDERS.

Saun. Your ſon requeſted me to give this letter into your hands.

Sir. S. No, no, there needs no letter—tell him it is done; ſay that you found me conquer'd in leſs time than he was; bid him make haſte hither in perſon, before I run away with his wife, and let him write no more letters, for I won't read a word of them.

Eliza. Wo'nt you be pleaſed to open your letter?

Sir. S. Poſitively I will not read it, becauſe Frederick ſhall not have it to ſay, that his rhetorick had any ſhare in making me a convert.—If it is, as I ſuppoſe, a recital of your graces and good qualities, I do not want his diſcription, to aſſiſt my ſenſe of what I ſee. But if you have a wiſh to ſee your own fair perſon painted by his hand, you are welcome to indulge it—break the ſeal. [*Exit.* SAUNDERS.

Eliza. 'Tis ſhort, I'll read it to you,—"I am at this inſtant ſummoned by Charles Ratcliffe, on a point of honor, ſword to ſword."—Oh! Heavens! I can no more.—— [*Drops the letter.*

Sir. S. What is it? What alarms you?

Eliza. Oh! That letter—that letter—my huſband and my brother, or one or both have fallen.

Sir. S. Merciful powers forbid it.

[*takes up the letter.*

Eliza. Stop not to read it, fly and take me with you—plant me between them—I am the cauſe of quarrel—let the ſword that aims to pierce a heart dearer than my own, lodge in my guilty boſom.

Sir. S.

Sir. S. Oh! Horrible to thought!—Hark!—Who is coming?

Eliza. The meſſenger of death—let him not ſpeak, his very look will kill me.

Enter FREDERICK, *and* CHARLES.

Fred. My love—my life—my ever dear Eliza!—

Eliza. Where is your wound?—What is become of Charles?

Char. Here is your happy brother, all is well, we are both here with friendly hearts, and joyful news to greet you,—a ſlight glance of your brave huſband's ſword diſarm'd me of my weapon, and both our raſh hearts of their anger; now lay aſide your fears, and prepare yourſelf for wonders.

Fred. Oh! Sir, I have offended you, but —

Sir. S. But what?—You have an advocate that makes all hearts her own; ſpare your appeal, you will but waſte your words.

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

Eliza. Oh! My dear madam, I have joy to give you—let me preſent you to my Frederick's father.

Sir. S. Yes, madam, and the greateſt joy that ſon ever conferred upon me, is the title he has given me, to claim a father's ſhare with you, in this angel of a daughter.

Mrs. R. Such ſhe has been to me, I am bleſt to hear you ſay that you approve her.

Sir. S. Frederick, give me your hand—if you had brought me half the Indias with a wife, I ſhould not have joined your hand to her's with ſuch ſincere delight.

Fred. How generous is that declaration; now, Charles, tis time to introduce our friend.

[CHARLES *goes out.*

Mrs. R. What does he mean, Eliza?

Eliza. I know no more than you—ſome new wonder.

Enter

Enter CHARLES *and* SHEVA.

Cha. This is the man—my benefactor—your's Eliza. Frederick your's, dear madam, all mankind's; the widow's friend, the orphan's father, the poor man's protector, the univerſal philanthropiſt.

Sheva. Huſh, huſh, you make me hide my face. (*covers his face.*)

Cha. Ah! Sir, 'tis now too late to cover your good deeds; you have long maſk'd your charities beneath this humble ſeeming, and ſhrunk back from actions, princes might have gloried in; you muſt now face the world, and transfer the bluſh from your own cheeks, to theirs whom prejudice had taught to ſcorn you; for your ſingle ſake, we muſt reform our hearts, and inſpire them with candour towards your whole nation.

Sheva. Enough! enough! more than enough —I pray you ſpare me, I am not uſed to hear the voice of praiſe, and it oppreſſes me. I ſhould not know myſelf, if you were to deſcribe me; I muſt refute the praiſes of this gentleman. That lady, I believe is Mrs. Ratcliffe, ſhe does not know me, I will not touch upon a melancholy ſubject, elſe I cou'd tell a ſtory—merciful Heaven! what horrors was I ſnatched from, by her huſband, now, alas! no more.

Mrs. R. Oh! gracious powers, the Jew of Cales!

Sheva. The very ſame—your debtor in no leſs a ſum than all that I poſſeſs; the earnings of a life, preſerved firſt by your huſband, and again by your ſon—why am I praiſed then if I am merely honeſt, and diſcharge my debts.

Sir S. Ah! now the myſtery's ſolv'd—The ten thouſand pounds were yours.—Give them to Ratcliffe. I will have nothing from fortune, where nature gives ſo much.

Sheva.

Sheva. That is a noble ſpeech, and worthy of a Britiſh merchant, but monies does not leſſen merit, at leaſt not always, as I hope for Mr. Ratcliffe's ſake, for he is heir of all that I poſſeſs.

Mrs. R. What can I ſay, my heart's too full for utterance; O! Charles, the fortunes of your houſe revive; ſurely the bleſſed ſpirit of your father now ſympathizes in our joy; remember, ſon, to whom you owe this happineſs, and emulate his virtues.

Cha. If I forget to treat my fortune, as becomes the ſon of ſuch a father, and the heir of ſuch a benefactor, your warning will be my condemnation.

Fred. That it will never be—the treaſure that integrity has collected, cannot be better lodged, then in the hands of honour.

Sir S. That is a mine of wealth.

Sheva. Excuſe me, goot Sir Stephen, it is not a mine, for it was never out of ſight of thoſe who ſearch'd for it; the poor man did not dig for it, and where I now beſtow it, it will be found by him again. I do not bury it in a ſynagogue, or any other coſtly pile; I do not waſte it upon vanity or publick works; I leave it to a charitable heir, and build my hoſpital in the human heart.

FINIS.